

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 5.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1883.

NO. 232

NOW

is the time to order your Spring Suits from N. WILSON & CO., the most Fashionable Tailors in the city.

Our assortment of Tweeds, Serges, etc., cannot be beaten, and our prices will compare favorably with any other house in the city.

Also the latest novelties in gentlemen's furnishings.

136 DUNDAS STREET.

(For the Record.)

Easter Record.

From woody glade and verdant vale,
Bring freshest flowers and fair;
Within the sacred altar rail
Spread garlands everywhere.
The first and brightest buds that Spring
Takes out from each willow pen,
As offerings bring to mankind's king
To show thy heart's love glow.

And as their breath so fragrant sweet
Past topmost arch ascends,
Let it appear unto the feet
Of Him, the Friend of friends,
A prayer for peace to hearts that mourn,
For strength to souls that pine,
Ah, sure that prayer is heard when borne
On breath of Easter flowers.

Boon Nature seems in favoring mind
When Easter gets the choice
Of flowers hid till Winter's wind
Becomes a zephyr's voice;
Impatient flowers that cannot bide
The choice of vernal hours,
Peep forth to greet the Easter-tide
And brighten every home.

Then beauteous, flowery chaplets bring,
Of every hue that's known;
Of these make fragrant offering
At foot of Mercy's throne.
Then quest the glades and gather up
The choice of vernal hours,
The speckled lily's chastel cup
Present with Easter flowers.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Review.

We have received a number of a painfully amusing paper, the Anglo-Catholic of Detroit, in which we find the following suggestive advertisement: "An earnest Catholic layman wishes to form a lay-order composed of men willing to go anywhere or do anything which the Superior directs for the promotion of Christ's work and the restoration of Catholicity in His Anglican Church. Applicants must have good testimonials as to their ability and moral character. For particulars address Monachus." Poor Monachus! We trust that his zeal and his aspiration to promote Christ's work will lead him into the narrow path of obedience and duty. They undoubtedly will, if they continue and if they are honest. Though it is not without its sadness, this advertisement is not without its humorous side. Think of Francis of Assisi or Vincent de Paul, or Ignatius of Loyola advertising for their earlier companions, to found a religious order!

MARTYRED BY ENGLAND.

PETITIONS TO THE HOLY SEE FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN AND THE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.

London Tablet.

THE BLAZE RUNNING THROUGH DIVY WEEDS.

And now, after many years devotedly spent in heavenly work, he died amid the tears of an entire nation. We can best honor St. Patrick to-day by seeking to imitate him—not alone in his charity, his humility, his mortification or in his other virtues, but rather in his zeal for the Faith—a zeal which like the moon amid stars outshone all his other qualities, whether we picture him in his boyish dreams, his captivity, his legislation, or plunged in freezing waters to keep his freezing limbs from sleep, he prayed to heaven that the God who had done so much to bless the labors of his life, might, when he was gone, watch over and secure for ever to his faithful children of Ireland, the gift

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN ST. THOMAS.

St. Patrick's day was religiously observed here. At 7 o'clock a. m. Mass, a great number of people approached the Holy Table. A solemn High Mass commenced at 10.30, of which the venerable Pastor, Father Flannery, was celebrant. The altar and sanctuary were tastefully and elaborately decorated by the good sisters of St. Joseph. After the gospel Rev. Father Hodgkinson ascended the pulpit and preached a very touching and eloquent sermon, of which I send you a synopsis as taken from our Protestant daily, the "Times."

The members of the various Irish societies marched to the church of the Holy Angels this morning to listen to an address from Rev. Father Hodgkinson on Ireland's patron saint. There was a large congregation present, and the sermon was a very impressive discourse. The rev. Father selected his text from Eccles., chap. 44, "Behold a great priest, who in his time pleased God and was found just," and commenced by saying that the congregation had assembled to-day to celebrate the feast of St. Patrick, the glorious apostle of Ireland. They had been called together by the voice of Faith, speaking through their Holy Mother the church, and calling upon them to join her in fulfilling a duty of love, a duty to which the Catholic church had ever been faithful, treasuring up the memory of her saints more lovingly than does the world her heroes; every day from end to end of the year making them the theme of her daily thanksgiving and praise, and in order to keep their memory fresh and green in the hearts of her children, gathering them around her on the feasts of the saints to do honor to them. And thus to-day we assembled to do honor to the immortal St. Patrick, the apostle of the Faith, with whose history every man of Irish blood or Irish parentage is familiar—a history identified by the warm love of a nation and garlanded round about with romantic stories that, if not true, are so beautiful that they ought to be, just as the light upon the jewel seems part of the precious stone itself. No doubt, my brethren are familiar with every stage of St. Patrick's history—now his saintly youth amid the dreams of noble spiritual ambition; how he was taken captive while yet a child on the northern shores of Gaul and carried with others to Ireland's shores. How, at the age of 16 he was sold as a slave, and sent to tend cattle amid the mists of the bleak mountain of Antrim. How, instead of complaining of his dreary captivity he thought only of dispelling the mists that shut out the heavens and the glory and mercy of God from a gifted people. How eventually he escaped once more to France, and there in his sleep the vision of Irish youths and heard in his dreams the voice of the Irish begging him to return, which he did, commissioned by Pope Celestine. How the people of Ireland received him with open arms, and received from him the knowledge of the Gospel which, enforced by his eloquence, spread with such rapidity as to fulfill the scriptural image of

the blaze running through divy weeds. And now, after many years devotedly spent in heavenly work, he died amid the tears of an entire nation. We can best honor St. Patrick to-day by seeking to imitate him—not alone in his charity, his humility, his mortification or in his other virtues, but rather in his zeal for the Faith—a zeal which like the moon amid stars outshone all his other qualities, whether we picture him in his boyish dreams, his captivity, his legislation, or plunged in freezing waters to keep his freezing limbs from sleep, he prayed to heaven that the God who had done so much to bless the labors of his life, might, when he was gone, watch over and secure for ever to his faithful children of Ireland, the gift

of unclouded faith. And has not that prayer been heard? DESPOILED OF NEARLY EVERYTHING ELSE, possessing now few things they are allowed to call their own, have not the children of St. Patrick through weal or woe, in prosperity and adversity clung to the glorious Catholic Faith. And why? Because it is implanted in their heart's blood, grows with their growth, and will die only when they die. 'Tis thus, then, that St. Patrick would have his children honor him to-day and for the rest of their lives, viz: by imitating him in his zeal for the Faith. 'Tis by this work his children are known, so much so that Irish and Catholic are almost synonymous for one another everywhere. Let us remember that we are children of a nation that has fought for the faith, that has kept it even in death. Yes, we are indeed children of a race upon whose brow, as upon our Lord's, was, and is woven yet to-day a crown of thorns and upon whose hands are the time-worn bonds of slavery, but upon that nation's face will ever be seen the light of that faith which like the youths in the fiery furnace passed through the crucible of persecution and gloom without blighting a leaf in its laurels.

The celebration of the day will conclude with a concert in the opera house this evening, for which an excellent programme has been prepared.

In the evening a very excellent concert was held in the Opera House, for the benefit of the Catholic Separate school. The hall was well crowded, every reserved seat being occupied. His Worship Dr. Gustin, Mayor of the city, presided. Father Flannery enlivened the audience by a short, witty and eloquent address, after which the programme was proceeded with to the entire satisfaction and enthusiastic delight of every one present. Miss Hughes never appeared in better voice or better form, her songs "Lafarfaletta," "Katie's letter," and "There's a dear spot in Ireland," were well given and rapturously received. Mr. Symington executed some magnificent solos on the violin. Ed. Fitzgibbon distinguished himself as "Major Gilfeather," Miss Tarrant, Miss J. Moore, and Miss Tilly Hughes, sang beautifully. Miss Lizzie Harvey, Miss Nellie Clark, Miss P. Moore, and little Miss Aggie Kains, played several selections on the piano. They are all pupils of the St. Joseph's Academy and they certainly reflected lasting credit on the accomplished sister who has charge of their musical training. Little Miss Celia Dinley brought down the house by her cut rendering of the "Fam O'Shanter Hat." But the juvenile chorus, a bevy of beautiful little girls, from five to seven years of age, faintly enraptured the audience with their inimitable mirth-provoking "Peek-a-boo," "Pompey's dead," etc., winding up with a grand parade while singing the "Vearing of the Green." Master Charlie Butler then stepped forward and astonished everyone by his manly rendering of "Are ye there, O' Brian?" Mr. D. J. Donahue, a young barrister of great promise, and established reputation as an orator, was prevented by illness from delivering a speech he had prepared for the occasion. On the whole the day was duly honored and thoroughly enjoyed by the people of St. Thomas and vicinity.

A NATIONAL CRIME.

At last a Protestant Minister tells the Plain Truth.

We take this report from the N. Y. Sun of March 24:
A large congregation heard Dr. Morgan Dix's fourth lecture at Trinity Chapel last evening. His subject was the "Sins of Woman Against her Vocation." After speaking of the ancient chivalric defense for woman, which has now degenerated into mere civility, so that she is now treated with no more ceremony than a man, Dr. Dix averred his own adherence to the old ideas, and went on to mention as some of the more obvious sins of women to-day:
"The disregard of serious views of life, and turning the thoughts exclusively to enjoyment; the degradation of the idea of matrimony, entering into that estate for low and unworthy motives; the deliberate determination of married women to defeat the objects for which marriage was instituted; to have no real home, to avoid first the pains and next the cares and duties of maternity; the habit, when a home exists, of neglecting it by spending most of the time away from it, running up and down
IN PURSUIT OF EXCITEMENT
and turning their children over to the care of hired servants; the growing indifference to the chief of all social abominations, divorce, and the toleration of lax notions about it. Generally, I say this, that it is the faithlessness of woman to her mission and duty which emboldens the craft conspirators against her honor. Had not Christian women given occasion to these noisy adversaries, had they shown us the female glory and not the female shame, this world would have remained so true in its loyalty and love of them that the strident adventuresses of our age would have woven their snares and tried their arts in vain.

"Let us observe, first, how common is the disregard of all deep, serious views of life. What has a woman better to do than to live in pleasure? It begins in their education; with the humblest it is too often an education above their level, inspired by ambitious aims; with the children of the favored classes it is an education intended to secure a conspicuous place in society. The poor children have naught to do with all this; they are simple, sincere, unconscious of their fate. But the mothers who bear them are women who live, move, and have their being in

the world; whose one idea of it is to launch their daughters into society and make them popular and successful there. There are words in use among us which rasp the nerves, and fill men with disgust; one is that word 'success.' It is said of some young maiden just flung into the sea: 'She came out last month; she is a success.' It is said of another:
'SHE IS NOT A SUCCESS.'
I know not what deeper degradation could overtake a young woman on her first emergence into the general view than to be weighed in that commercial fashion and made the subject of such base praise or dispraise. Here follows a sketch, drawn from an experienced educator of young women, of many a young girl's history: She is sent to school, placed under the care of conscientious, painstaking teachers; the girl goes on well, is thoughtful, earnest, apt; loves her studies, makes rapid progress; her eyes begin to open upon the large, noble traces of her possible mission. She reaches eighteen. It is the very time when, if we believe in it, and would give her, she should begin. Two or three years more would make the woman that should be. But no; the mother comes to take her away. Outside is that strange, wild maelstrom which they call society.

"The mother, herself, perhaps, a weather-beaten wreck, such as that whirlpool has left her, comes; the child must be taken away, introduced into society, launched on the tide, made if possible a 'success.' Go she must, and go she does. And with that, in many a case, the door into a noble life is shut. And what will society do for this poor child of God? What will she learn there amid its madcap devotees, its jaded leaders, its hardened men and women? This it will do for her: It will toss her about like a shuttlecock; it will drag her up and down from show to show; it will fill her ears and eyes with things which she had better never have seen and heard. This shall she learn, then—the art of leading a false and empty life; the art of blowing bubbles gleaming with prismatic hues outside, and within mere breath and shiny suds. Whatever in her is ingenious, pure, religious, must be rubbed out; the non-sense of the simple, quiet life is doomed. She must learn to be
DASHING, BOLD, AND FREE.

"Let us leave her to this undoing and in a year or two after look and see what we have. Here, surely, is another person, old, haggard, unmade, as it were, and made over again. She can banter, jest, and make repartee; she listens without flinching to talk which but a year ago would have brought blushes to her maiden cheek. She is well prepared for her graduation into the higher forms of pleasure and enjoyment. She has no more simple tastes; she laughs at her old virtue; she has no aspiration beyond the charmed circle in which she is held enchained; and her convictions are shaken; home is tiresome, old friends are a weariness; God and religion are very far away."

And in this nothing but conscientiousness and a high sense of honor and justice can give a victory. The idea of duty would seem to be the last to enter their heads. It is a venture, a frolic, an amusing episode, a dubious experiment! If it does not result satisfactorily, never mind; some way will open to crawl out of the thing, and be gay, happy, and contented once more. Some marry for money, some for position, some for more freedom; we are taught now by the advanced thinkers that love is the last of all motives, hardly to be regarded to-day as a rational motive. Now, when self-interest in some one of its Protean shapes is at the bottom of this proceeding, the moment self-interest is crossed they kick against the restraint. The wife goes her way as calmly and coolly as if nothing extraordinary had happened; as if the marriage, after all, was not a thing of any consequence; as if it had fixed neither duty nor responsibility upon her soul.

"And no one seems to think the less of her, not be at all shocked or distressed; it is quite a matter-of-course war, a little trilling blunder—nothing serious; let the carnival go on; let us keep up the cheer; let us gab about in the sunshine and lose no joy in life! Excuse these illustrations; I can not explain without them.

IRRESPONSIBILITY—IT IS THE BRIGHT, the cause of the day; no account to give, no one to call you to account. It is the result of a reckless training in which the law of God and the rule of the Church are set not first, but last of all.

DEATH OF A PIONEER PRIEST.

Death of Father St. Cyr at St. Louis, who Celebrated the First Mass in a Roman Catholic Church in Chicago, Fifty Years ago.

A telegram from St. Louis yesterday conveyed the intelligence that another pioneer missionary of the Roman Catholic Church in the West had gone to his last rest. The priest referred to was the Rev. John M. St. Cyr, who died at the close of his 80th year. Over fifty-five years of his life had been devoted to the priesthood and missionary labor. To this venerable priest belonged the honor of being the first resident priest in Chicago. It is a well authenticated fact that he is a Jesuit priest and explorer Marquette and his adventurous band visited and camped upon the ground now covered by the city of Chicago, and Marquette, who was most conscientious in the discharge of his daily sacerdotal functions, may possibly have celebrated Mass in this vicinity, but the first Mass celebrated for the early Catholics of Chicago was said by Rev. Father St. Cyr fifty years ago. At this time all the Catholics in this portion of the Northwest were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Vincennes, John Gabriel Brute. Among the band of young French ecclesiastics who offered their services to the Bishop and sacrificed the ties of family and home in France was St. Cyr. He was sent to administer to the spiritual wants of the few scattered Catholics in Illinois and Michigan, and all who remember him attest that he did well the work he had undertaken. In the second week of the coming May it will have been fifty years since Father Cyr gathered all the Catholics of Chicago together in the cottage of one of their number and offered up the first Mass of which there is any record in this city. His missionary field was large, and consequently he could visit Chicago only at long intervals, but when he did come he found a larger congregation at each visit. He baptized hundreds of children and many converts. His baptismal records are still extant, and are kept along with the records of St. Mary's church, on Wabash avenue and Eldridge street. Many persons well posted in the history of the Catholic Church in Chicago tall into error by supposing that the establishment of the Church in this city dates from the erection of St. Mary's church on the site now occupied by the intersection of Lake and Clark streets, while in reality Father Cyr was pastor in Chicago nearly ten years before the coming of Bishop Quarter, the first bishop of Chicago, who was consecrated in 1844. When Bishop Quarter had obtained a sufficient number of priests to attend the wants of the people, Father Cyr asked to be allowed to go further west on the mission, and was granted his request. He finally joined the archdiocese of St. Louis, and had lived in that city for a great many years prior to his death. He was to have attended the "golden jubilee" of the first mass in Chicago, to be held in St. Mary's church during the coming May.—Chicago Times.

We are unavoidably compelled for want of space to hold over several communications and many articles of general interest. They will all, however, appear in good time.

poses for which holy matrimony was instituted. It comes looming up on the view of this century, as a great, an almost national crime. Distinctively it is, like divorce, an enormity of Protestantism; and if Protestantism is now arraigned at the bar of the world and assailed with blows which cannot be parried, it has itself to blame for its contempt of the law and word of Christ, and for the weakness and timidity which have led it to surrender divine truth as a bribe to violent and sinful men. For to Protestantism as a religious system we owe the denial of the SACRAMENTAL CHARACTER OF HOLY MATRIMONY.

the winking at the systematic violation of its primal design, and the easy indulgence to any who for any reason, or no reason, wish to have it annulled, and to go forth free to make new contracts. Home is the first thing intended in matrimony. It is a holy estate, and all who make up the home are inheritors of the covenant promise and partakers in the sanctity of that sweet relation to each other and to God. But some resolve that there shall be no home, or at least that it shall be as narrow, as limited as possible. They wish, it may be, to avoid pain; they wish to shirk the duties of parenthood; they wish to be free to enjoy the world. Arts base and black, which under the old law were a punishment by death, are used to carry out these impious and absurd purposes—impious because it would not be possible more grossly to outrage God's law than in this way; absurd, because a marriage contracted with that intent or expressed purpose and intention is a contradiction in terms, a misnomer, a fraud on society and on the Church.

"This shall not be undertaken unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God. It is chiefly the woman who is mainly responsible for these sins; by her luxury, her addiction to the pleasures of the world, her recklessness of duty, her irresponsibility; I believe that this is done ignorantly or in unbelief. And here is a mission for her to persuade her own sex of the vast and fearful mischief already done. For I say as God's priest and in His name that this act of deliberately preventing the formation of a home is a crime, and one of the darkest dye—one which brings down curses in storms on the community that it defiles and blights. Doubt not that there is a God of Justice, by whom actions are weighed, and when you see the march of Socialism and Communism, the growth of Nihilism, and the organization of bands of fiends whose weapon is dynamite and whose aim is the destruction of property and human life, recognize in them all merited scourges which legalize the violation of God's law. I proceed to speak of a social order.

"It is the neglect of home, where there is a home. Home is made up, where God's full blessing has been granted, of the father, the mother, and the children; these make it the sacred society that it is. But where now, in many a home, is the father, the mother, and where are the children? God's own ordinance, and the object of all—older than any civil government organization—should not this divinely founded society act to keep all about us the wrecks of homes, the shadows and ghosts of homes, the prodigies of homes, slowly are dying out the home life, the home influence, the home training, the home religion?"

DR. DIX ON PROTESTANTISM.
Catholic Review.
Dr. Morgan Dix, the rector of Trinity Church, in this city, is a leading Protestant Episcopal minister. The parish over which he has charge is probably the largest and wealthiest parish in the city. The amount of real estate owned by the corporation of Trinity Church is very large and very valuable; and certain sections of the real estate owned by this goodly corporation are devoted to any but goodly purposes. Dr. Dix himself is a worthy gentleman and a man of note. At one time he had strong views on the celibacy of the clergy in the Protestant Episcopal Church; but a pretty girl laughed him out of them, and the ex-celibate is now a happy husband and father. There are places in Dr. Dix's parish that a charitable minister might visit with profit to himself and to his people; and doubtless an earnest Christian clergyman like Dr. Dix does visit them, especially during what so "high" a churchman as Dr. Dix would describe as "the holy season of Lent." Recently, however, Dr. Dix has taken it into his head to "knock out" what is called society. He has had several "rounds" at it and is particularly fierce on the woman of society, that specimen of her class that the London Saturday Review many years ago exhausted its venery in describing as "the girl of the period." Dr. Dix says many hard things about this woman, whom he sets down as typical of the American society woman in general, and doubtless much of what he says is lamentably true, though we should be sorry to accept Dr. Dix's sweeping statements regarding the morals and tone of the average non-Catholic American woman of "society" as wholly true. It needs no prescience to discover round about us many specimens of the wretched class to which Dr. Dix alludes—the *honne femme* of Alexandre Dumas *fit*. It needs no ghost to tell us, as Dr. Dix does, that the secular, irreligious, "fashionable" education given to girls prepares them absolutely for a godless and soulless life. All this is sadly true, and will be true to the end of the chapter, or until the public sense changes, and comes back to God and duty. Still, we hope,

FOR THE SAKE OF THE COUNTRY, FOR THE SAKE OF HONEST MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD, THAT SOCIETY—NON-CATHOLIC SOCIETY—is NOT WHOLLY AS BAD AND CORRUPT AS DR. DIX PAINTS IT.

Nevertheless, Dr. Dix has told some home truths, and made certain admissions with regard to Protestantism that will be regarded by many as "extraordinary," but which are patent truths to any intelligent and fair-minded person. Those sins society—the Protestant society which he knows, represents, has charge of, and assails—Dr. Dix visits directly on Protestantism. Those sins are grave, widespread, terrible. They undermine the whole structure of non-Catholic society, and are prevalent chiefly in Protestant countries, more especially in this republic. They strike at the centre of all society, the family. Protestantism, according to Dr. Dix, by destroying the sacramental character of matrimony, has destroyed true family life, introduced easy divorce, and thus invited sins that strike at the very existence of the human race. Surely, surely, it is hard to understand an honest and intelligent man adhering to a system of religion that he thus stamps as detestable and vile and a positive danger to the existence of society.

Dr. Dix really assails the whole structure of Protestantism. Divorce, and everything attending it, he pronounces "a heresy born and bred of free thought as applied to religion. It is the outcome of the habit of interpreting the Bible according to a man's private judgment, rejecting ecclesiastical authority and Catholic tradition, and of asserting our freedom to believe what we choose, and to select what religion pleases us best." There is Protestantism in a nutshell, and it is a Protestant minister who speaks these words. To Catholics Dr. Dix says nothing that is new, but he is astonishing "society." He is flattering the dove-cotes of New York. He repeats the lesson that we have given over and over again in these columns about special American sins. As for divorce and the manner in which that "abomination," as Dr. Dix rightly terms it, flourishes in this country, he simply utters, to statistics, what has been repeatedly published in The Catholic Review. Protestantism naturally and necessarily encourages divorce, for Protestantism itself, is divorce from the Bride of Christ—the one, holy Catholic Church.

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